

Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Bastard of the Kings decait,
And all the worsted humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briebe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
King. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
Anst. By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounceith with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.
Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor heere we swear:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing England art so farre,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother Geffreyes face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in Geffrey: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, England was Geffreyes right,
And this is Geffreyes in the name of God;
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-mailest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? *(France)*

Fra. Fro that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any beast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and stains of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.
Fra. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper France?
Const. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.
Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Then thou and John, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begor,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy face.
Const. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Anst. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Anst. What the deuill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the deuill fir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
He smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as lightly on the backe of him
As great Alcides shoes vpon an Asse:
But Asse, he take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Anst. What cracker is this same that deases our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fooles; breake off your conference.
King John, this is the very summe of all:

England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee:

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as soone: I doe desie thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand,

And out of my deere loue he giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Con. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,

Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will

Giue y; a plum, a cherry, and a figge,

There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,

I would that I were low laid in my graue,

I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. *(weepes)*

Qu. Mo. His mother thames him so, poore boy hee

Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no,

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames

Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles fro his poore eyes,

Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:

I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd

To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth.

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurper

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights

Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe:
The Canon of the law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remoued from thy sinne conceiuing wombe!

John. Bedlam haue don't, who to his helpe shall I send?

Con. I haue but this to say, who to his helpe shall I send?

That he is not onely plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague

On this remoued issue, plagued for her,

And with her plague her sinne: his iniury

Her iniury the Beadle to her sinne,

All punish'd in the person of this childe,

And all for her, a plague vpon her.

Que. Thon vnaduis'd scold, I can produce

A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne,

I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,

A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,

It will becomes this presence to cry ayme!

To these ill-tuned repetitions:

Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles

These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,

Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Johns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath wand' vs to the walles?

Fra. 'Tis France, for England.

John. England for it selfe.

You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects,

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subiects,

Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle:

John. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:

These flagges of France that are aduanced heere

Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,

Haue hither march'd to your endamagement:

The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:

All preparation for a bloody sledge

And meriles proceeding, by these French

Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gates:

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,

That as a waste doth girdle you about

By the compulsion of their Ordinance,

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made

For bloody power to rush vpon your peace:

But on the sight of vs your lawfull King

Who painefully with much expedient march

Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,

To saue vs from your Citties threatned checkes:

Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,

And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire

To make a shaking feuer in your walles,

They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoke,

To make a faithlesse error in your eares,

Which trust accordingly kinde Citizens,

And let vs in: Your King, whose labour'd spirits

Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,

Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.

Loe in this right hand, whose protection

Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right

Of him it holds, stands yong Plantagenet

Sonne to the elder brother of this man.

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes

For this downe-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,

Being no further eacmy to you

Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,

In the releefe of this oppressed childe,

Religiously prouokes: Be pleased then

To pay that dutie which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,

And then our Armes, like to a muzzled Beare,

Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp

Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent

Against this invulnerable clouds of heauen,

And with a blessed and vn-vexed retire,

With vnhack'd swords, and Helmes all vnbruist,

We will beare home that Iustie blood againe,

Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,

And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace:

But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,

'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,

Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,

Though all these English, and their discipline

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference

Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,

In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd?

Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,

And stake in blood to our possession?

Cit. In briebe, we are the King of Englands subiects

For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne:

John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in:

Cit. That can we not: but he that protes the King

To him will we proue loyall, till that time

Haue we ram'd vp our gates against the world:

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, proue the

King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesse

Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their liues.

Fra. As many and as well-borne bloods as those?

Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fra. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both:

John. Then God forgive the sinne of all those soules,

That to their euil-lasting residence,

Before the dew of euening fall, shall flee

In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King:

Fra. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes!

Bast. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,

And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse doze

Teach vs some fence: Sirrah, were I at home

At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,

I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:

And make a monster of you.

Anst. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

John. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our Regiments:

Bast. Speed then to take aduantage of the field,

Fra. It shall be so; and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand: God and our right: *Exeunt*

Here after excursions, Enter the Herald of France

with Trumpets to the gates, vnto the town

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,

And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in.

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